

First Time by CasaByers

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Summary:

An AU take on Nancy and Jonathan in the bunker.

First Time

Once she pushed the door shut and he was backing her up to the bed, she already knew where this night was going. They nearly tripped and crashed onto the bed, Jonathan braced her and prevented himself from crushing her as he fell on top of her. She let out a giggle and he huffed, sounded mildly embarrassed, as he muttered a soft 'sorry', his breath was hitting her neck gently. She turned her head and pressed a kiss to his cheek and ran her hands down his sides, he reacted with a small gasp. He was ticklish... she spared him and simply pulled the bottom of his shirt up. He got the clue and was sitting up on his knees pulling his shirt off.

Nancy marveled at his shoulders, chest, his stomach... she licked her lips and watched as he tossed his shirt to the side his lean muscles flexed slightly. When his eyes met hers, he blushed. But she smiled sweetly up at him and he gave her the smallest smile in return. And then his gaze dropped to where her hands were as she started to pull her nightgown up.

Nancy did hesitate to start to pull her night gown up. She was regretting wearing this stupid thing. Why didn't she have any sexy night clothes? But Jonathan was watching her with blown pupils and steady, deep breaths. He reached for her hands to help her sit up and get the night gown off.

The chill of the room hit her, and she almost covered up her bare chest and then she looked at him, he looked just as startled and aroused as she felt, and she watched as he looked at her chest bare before him, to her tummy, going to her bright yellow with blue polka dot panties. She could see his Adams apple bob as he swallowed and dragged his eyes back to meet hers.

Her breathing was increasing as she watched him slowly move towards her. She laid back and he followed on top, until she was flat on the bed and he was hovering over her. His lower half pressed to her center first and she gasped at his hardness pressing her there. he grunted softly and couldn't control his hips from thrusting into her, her back arched when he did. Even with layers of soft fabric, his hardness hit her just right. Her arms went around his shoulders and a

hand gently ran through his hair and Nancy pulled him flat against her, so his weight pressed her into the mattress.

He moved slightly and found her lips again, this kiss was less urgent and softer, hotter... one of his arms wrapped around her back and the other was resting by her head on the pillow as he let her slip her tongue into his mouth and he whimpered softly at the contact.

Nancy really loved his mouth and his tongue and the noise he kept making every time her tongue stroked his. She also was enjoying his hips gently grinding into her middle. He was hard, and Nancy was excited for that.

Jonathan finally broke away from her mouth and started to kiss her neck, she was taking in soft breaths and he was going crazy because her nipples were hard and had been rubbing on his chest and he wanted to explore that part of her as soon as possible. So, his lips left her neck and he gently kissed his way across her chest. He moved and pressed a kiss to the center of Nancy's chest, he felt her heart beating fast beneath her ribcage. He glanced up and her eyes were closed.

Her breasts were petite, perfect and petite. And he wrapped his mouth around her nipple, sucked gently and she whimpered and her back arched. He sucked a little more, let his tongue run over the soft skin. He sucked and licked until he pulled away leaving her nipple hard and tender and switched to the other nipple, where he swirled his tongue around it and sucked gently before he pulled away with a soft pop.

Nancy felt so hot, pleased and well... delicious. She'd never had this much attention paid to her. When his mouth left her nipple, she wanted to protest... until he started to his way down her tummy, kissing his way down to her belly button. Nancy looked down and she held her breath when his tongue slipped into her belly button. And then his teeth softly nipped the skin just below her navel.

Her fingers were gently combing through his hair when he reached her panties. He pressed a kiss and nuzzled her gently against the soft fabric that covered her mons. She let her hips rise from the mattress and he pulled her panties down. She expected him to come back up...

this was what she was used to... not this much foreplay but getting right to the act.

But Jonathan clearly had other ideas.

When she felt his hot breath lower, Nancy's eyes got a little wide and she sat up on her elbows, one knee bent, the other legs spread just enough. Jonathan had moved so he was laying on his belly, propped up on his own elbows and looking at her down there with awe, he looked perplexed, excited and hungry all at once.

Nancy felt excitement well up, he hadn't even touched her down there and her clit throbbed, she felt wet. She figured he was going to finger her, figured he was simply curious (although odd timing for that.) she was about to ask, and then he moved forward, gently and with intent.

Nancy's eyes fell shut and her head tipped back when he pressed a wet kiss to her clit. She wasn't expecting that. He pulled away and she started to relax, and then she felt his tongue swipe over her. Her arms got weak and she dropped back to the mattress, biting her lip to keep from gasping loudly.

She'd had fingers down there, both her own and another's, and a sheathed dick... but she had never felt a tongue on her. It was wet, hot... strong. The tip of his tongue focused on her clit and she almost screamed. And then one of his hands spread on her hip, holding her in place and he adjusted as he moved closer and suddenly his tongue was probing her entrance. It slipped in as far as it could go and did it again and then he started to lap her up with tender tongue strokes.

A familiar feeling started to fall over her whole body, she was getting close she started to move her hips slightly with every stroke. "fuck." She muttered when he gently added a finger into the mix and let his mouth move back to her clit before he started to suck her gently and his finger gently slipped inside of her.

The feeling was building, her whole body felt overly stimulated and pulsed and she didn't want it to end, but god she wanted to hit the crescendo... she'd never felt more excited to have an orgasm in her life. "don't stop..." she finally begged, one arm slung across her eyes,

the other lightly pulling at his soft hair. And he didn't let up. She needed him to know... "suck harder." She let out, her voice was a whimper and she didn't even try to stifle the cry after his sucking increased. "another... finger." She let out, gasping as another wave of pleasure hit her hard.

Jonathan obliged and soon two of his fingers were sliding in and out of her as his mouth sucked her clit, his tongue slipped out just enough to allow him to literally suckle her.

"Jonathan... Jonathan..." Nancy started to chant his name as she gasped. "Jon... j-Jon..." her voice started to rise, and she didn't care where they were.

Her back bowed and it hit her hard, she pulled on his hair, rocked her hips hard against his face and let out what could only be described as a squeaky moan. The aftershocks hit her quickly as she collapsed on the bed and she tried to close her legs, but his head was in the way as he started to lick her gently.

"oh... Jonathan... st-stop..." it wasn't a demand but a plea. He stopped, raising his head and looked at her, his face was wet, hair a mess, pupils blown, he was panting softly.

Nancy looked down across her own flushed body to her handsome lover who was still propped up between her thighs. She nearly purred, her whole body felt like jello and she wanted to feel like this for hours.

"how was that?" he asked gently as he crawled back up her body, Nancy opened her eyes and he was hovering over her, he looked unsure.

"you just gave me my first real orgasm..." Nancy admitted. She'd come to realization when the pleasure didn't stop at where she normally stopped when it was her own hand and where her one previous experience had never gotten her in the year that she was with him.

She was sort of shocked but felt he should know this.

He arched a brow and then he got this smug look on his face, she didn't mind, he earned it.

Nancy wanted to giggle, wow she felt good. And then felt him move and he poked her thigh, damn he was hard, and she felt a jolt and she realized this night wasn't over. She felt excitement bubble over. He was sort of nuzzling her neck now and Nancy whispered in his ear. "take off your pajama bottoms," she whispered into his ear.

Jonathan met her eyes, he seemed reluctant, "I know don't have a... condom." He admitted.

Nancy watched him, he almost looked pained, and Nancy knew what she could do for him, there was no way this night was ending. But then she realized something, and she hoped he'd like it. "you don't need one," she said gently.

Jonathan furrowed his brow and she swore his eyes got darker, "if you want to... I've never." He mumbled it, but she could tell he wanted to so badly.

"I'm on the pill... please..." again, she hadn't meant it to sound so breathy and like she was begging, but she was flushed and had just had a life changing orgasm (no she wasn't being dramatic) and my god did she want him in her... all of him... just him.

Jonathan reacted to her breathy plea and sat back on his knees and started to push his pajama bottoms down his hips, his boxers went with them, and he sprung free.

Nancy's eyes got wide. He was big, and he looked beautiful, his lean body, his dick erect and bobbing lightly as he moved to get the last of his clothing off and she wanted him now. she was suddenly so happy they didn't have a condom.

Jonathan kicked off his pajama bottoms and he was back to being over her again, she gently placed her hand on his cheek and pressed a kiss to his lips he kissed her back and relaxed some more. She ran her hands down his chest, feeling him, putting a mental note to spend some time to explore his body next time. One hand gently grasped his girth and he grunted and bucked his hips into her. He was hot,

velvety and hard. She pressed his tip at her entrance and he growled into her ear when his tip touched her wet center. Nancy gasped as she guided him in, this was different for her. In the past, even though she was on the pill, she'd asked him to wear a condom... so this was a first for her. It was new, sexy, happy, exciting.

Jonathan took over and moved his hips in back and in, gently pulling from her and sliding back in more. Taking his time, he wanted to slam into her, just bury himself deep inside of her... but he felt how tight she was... how fucking tight she was. He'd felt it with his fingers, that was amazing, insane, he didn't know what had come over him, but he wanted to taste her. Maybe it was because he'd fantasized about it. Fantasized about how she might have tasted the noises she would make... he'd read articles in Cosmo on what girls liked... just in case. And it seemed he'd done it well. She was happy, she was praising him and now she was letting him...

He couldn't believe how good this felt, she was so tight and hot and wet, he'd thought eating her out was going to be the highlight. It was only part of it.

He moved his hips and when he thrust back into her, he'd reached the hilt, and Nancy let out a soft grunt. He did the motion again and his eyes nearly rolled into the back of his head. His stomach tightened up as that coil wound tighter, he was sort of mad that he wouldn't be able to last, but shit she felt so good.

Her hands were in his hair and she pressed a kiss to his lips sloppily, "just let go." She said against his mouth.

He met her eyes and then he felt her walls literally flutter around him, he dropped his head to her neck and groaned her name as his hips jerked quickly twice and then he tensed up, spilled his seed deep inside of her and jerked his hips but was shocked to find his dick in a wonderful vice grip as she came herself... milking him for every last drop.

The feeling was almost too much as she squeezed him and jerked and finally.

Nancy was shocked, she hadn't expected the second one, she loved it.

Loved how he felt inside of her. Loved him losing it.

They were both panting softly, breaths intermingling as they came down.

Nancy let out a breathy laugh, “shit... that was amazing.”

Jonathan smiled at her as he gently rolled off her, “yeah... holy shit.” He dropped onto his back and looked up at the ceiling. he looked at her and then he rolled onto his side and propped himself up on and elbow, “so... that was...” he was blushing and then he was drawing invisible patterns on her tummy with his finger, gentle and sweet, almost hesitant.

Nancy looked at him and smiled wide, “you’re not tired?” she asked as she sighed softly at his gentle touch.

He shook his head, kept his eyes on her body as he drew along her soft skin. “unless you’re tired then we can go to bed.” Jonathan said as he rested his hand flat on her lower tummy, drummed his fingers lightly.

Nancy was confused, she figured all men got tired right after, but he seemed to be buzzing with energy. And she wasn’t tired... not by a long shot. She moved her leg and she was shocked when her thigh hit his hardening member, she glanced down, and he did as well. When she met his eyes again he was giving her this look. “I’m not tired...” she whispered softly.

Jonathan let his hand slide lower on her tummy and let her pull him back for another kiss.

Their night was far from over and Nancy couldn’t have been happier.

Fin.

Author's Note:

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